SHORT HAUL CLAUSE IS A COMPROMISE

Senate Insurgents Yield When Complete Victory Is Within Reach.

AMENDMENT CALLED STEP IN ADVANCE

House Provisions More Stringent and May Be Adopted by Conferees.

The bitter fight in the Senate, which ended in the adoption of a long-and-short-haul clause amendment to the railroad bill, was widely discussed today about the Capitol. The opinions vary as to the effect of the long-and-short-haul amendment which was adopted.

That the adoption of the amendment was, however, a defeat for the regular leaders and a victory for the combination of Democrats and Republicans who have been insurging against Senator Aldrich and the other regular leaders on the long and-short-haul question, is pretty generally admitted.

The regular leaders will not concede their defeat, and are laying claim to victory, but this is not apparent. A few days ago the regular leaders were vigorously asserting they would prevent any change in the existing long-and-short-haul law. They asserted they had fifty-five votes to accomplish this. They assured the President they would be able to block amendment of the long-and-short-haul law.

System Entirely Changed.

But at the last moment their forces suddenly crumbled to pieces, and while, by the adroit management of Senator Aldrich, they were able to effect a partial compromise, the fact remains that the system of dealing with the long-and-short-haul question has been revolutionized by the amendment which the Senate adopted.

By the amendment adopted, which is made up chiefly of the Dixon and Paynter amendments, a railroad cannot in the future charge more for a short haul than for a long haul, unless it can make a showing to the Interstate Commerce Commission that satisfies that body that for special reasons and conditions it is entitled to have an exception made in its case.

The railroads have heretofore been the judge of the conditions under which they charged more for a short haul than for a long haul. Under this system, as was shown on the floor of the Senate in the debates, gross abuses have prevailed, especially in the Western part of the United States.

House Amendment Stronger.

The Interstate Commerce Commission under the Senate amendment will have the power to correct the gross abuses which have prevailed. The House amendment is stronger than the Senate amendment, and there is a possibility that when the bill comes out of conference the long and short haul provision will be stronger than the Senate provision.

Most of the insurgents and Democrats, while admitting they wanted a stronger provision than the compromise amendment which went through, hold that the amendment adopted is a long step in advance.

That the regular leaders were swept off their feet in their attempts to prevent long and short haul legislation is due to the hard work of some of the Senate Democrats who for days have been trying to line up Democratic votes to get the long and short haul law changed. About a week ago, Senator Aldrich had won over twelve Democratic votes to prevent any change in the law. Senator Bailey was assisting the regular leaders in killing the various amendments proposed and in trying to prevent any change in the law as it stands.

Aldrich Rushes to Cover.

But Democrats like Overman and Clay insisted the Democrats ought to line up for a change in the law. The result was that before it came time to vote yesterday the regulars suddenly found they were beaten by two or three votes.

Senator Aldrich made a sudden rush to cover when he learned this and proposed to Senator Dixon a compromise consisting of the Dixon amendment, plus a part of the Paynter amendment.

Senator Dixon accepted this at a time when he probably could have put his original amendment through without change. In this he was outgeneraled by Senator Aldrich, Senator Elkins, and the other regular leaders, and to this extent they won a victory in that they wrested a compromise from Dixon at a time when they were defeated completely.

Unprecedented scenes of confusion marked the final phases of the struggle over the long and short haul question. The Dixon-Paynter compromise proposition was sprung suddenly by Senator Dixon, just a few minutes before the time to begin voting on amendments, 4 o'clock. It caused an uproar and Senators hurried about to find what it all meant.

Work Done During Recess.

Two recesses were taken in order to get matters straightened out. Various Senators, including Messrs. Aldrich, Elkins, Bristow, and others, took a hand in trying to shape up the final draft of the amendment.

Senator Bacon was much angered because he believed the sudden interjection of a part of the Paynter amendment into the Dixon amendment was in violation of the unanimous consent agreement. Some of the insurgents, too, were angered that Dixon should not have stuck to his guns and fought his amendment through, as they believed he could have carried it without making any concessions. In the end, however, the amendment was patched up and put through by 57 to 16.

In answer to the charge of Senator Bacon that Senator Aldrich was scheming to get the whole proposition struck out in conference, the Rhode Island Senator made a vigorous denial.

The long and short haul fight has lasted three weeks and has been one of the most bitter phases of the contest over the railroad bill.

LITTLE FOLK ENJOY A MERRY MAY DAY

Children Engage in Sports and Funmaking at Rosedale Playgrounds.

The May Queen, all in white, held court in a glorious and merry manner today at the Rosedale Playgrounds, Seventeenth and Kraemer streets northeast.

It was May Day for this playground, and the event was made one of merry-making and genuine fun, of a festive nature, for the several hundred boys and girls who attended.

Following the crowning of the blushing young queen—the role being played by Miss Mary Davis—and the gay dance about the May pole, the children laid aside their flowers and ribbons and entered into various forms of amusements.

Novel games, such as are taught by the playground supervisors to develop the health of the youngsters, were enthusiastically played, and during it all proud parents and relatives stood about the edges of the grounds and watched the happy youngsters.

Those in Charge.

The festivities and games were conducted by Miss Caroline Shepard, Miss Helen Mulliken, Miss Julia Butler, Miss Perry, Mrs. Edward C. Gilfillan, and Mrs. Agnes Stewart, and Mrs. Walter S. Binley. The children who took part in the ceremonies were those of the Rosedale playgrounds and the Noel House.

James E. West, secretary of the Washington Playgrounds Association, and other officers were interested spectators.

The ceremonies were opened with a procession in which more than 200 boys and girls marched side by side. When they dispersed the May Queen appeared. She was met by the hearty clapping and lusty cheers of her youthful associates.

She walked proudly to a position in the middle of the grounds, where her throne was standing, and she was followed by a most dignified retinue of attendants and court people.

Her principal attendants were Rainbow, portrayed by seven boys, and the Zodiac, portrayed by seven girls. Lee Shultz and Archie Horning were the Zodiac and Archie Horning were the many lively and comic steps and attitudes for the amusement of their queen.

Trooping of Flowers.

Then came the "Trooping of the Flowers." This was an impressive ceremony intended as a high honor for the young queen. It consisted of a hundred boys and girls, marching in single file, with wreaths made of the early spring flowers hanging about their shoulders.

At the conclusion of their march they passed the queen and graciously dropped their wreaths about her feet.

The dance about the May pole was indeed a lively and picturesque one. Sixteen girls participated. During their merry dancing the same boys and girls who formed the processional clasped hands and formed a large circle about the pole.

During the afternoon music was furnished and when the fun was concluded the children were loath to leave. It was a great day for them and the occasion proved so successful that the teachers felt amply rewarded for their pains in drilling the youngsters for their "play upon the green."

THE GREEN LAMP

By Louis Joseph Vance, Author of "THE BLACK BOOK" "THE BRASS BOWL"

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

A young newspaper reporter loses his position because of a reduction in the staff of the paper, and after vainly trying to eke out an existence by "free lancing," to newspapers and magazines, finds that he is absolutely "broke." His credit is gone, he is without friends and hungry, when he decides that the world at least owes him one meal, and he enters a restaurant on Sixth avenue, New York, and decides to order a full course dinner, notwithstanding that he has not a penny in his pocket, and then to accept the consequences. While dining he is approached by a man named Faraday, who declares that he is nearly blind, and asks the reporter to do him a favor. The reporter readily responds on the condition that the man pay for his dinner. To the reporter's amazement, he finds that Faraday has not a red cent himself.

CHAPTER II.

As the Tide Turned.

At this unexpected answer, I began to laugh outright, being, it may be, a trifle overstrung—hysterical.

The young man continued to smile sweetly behind his blue goggles; at length his reserve, or dignity, broke down and he joined me.

"Two men in a boat," he observed, "to say nothing of a nigger."

I didn't understand what he meant by that, nor did I care particularly.

"No money?" I gasped.

"Upon my word, sir."

"But, then, what are you doing here? You dined. How do you expect to pay?"

He dropped the smile.

"I reckon I might put that question to you, sir," he said a trifle stiffly, looking me squarely in the eye.

Though I had little stomach for the confession I must make, I felt that it was the only thing permissible under the circumstances—that, or precipitate flight.

"I'll admit," I said doggedly, "that I was hungry. I needed the meal—needed it so badly that I was willing to spend the night behind bars for its sake. In fine—I am a thief, in fact, at this moment. And you?"

"In the same hard case, sir—but with a life-line. And that brings us to the request I was to make of you."

He fumbled in the inner pocket of his waistcoat. In the interval I had time to note that he was well-nigh as shabby as myself, though not so unkempt, not yet as hopeless in appearance.

"I'm all attention," I covered the pause.

"Here it is, then," he said, producing a shall envelope. "I reckon I'd best explain a bit, however. I am here, as I say, penniless; in addition, I am a stranger in a strange land. And I need money.

"In this envelope I have a watch—a family relic." He handed it to me. "I wouldn't part with it for all the world, but—I must have money. Will you—I count on your knowing the city, sir—put it in the pawnshop for what you can get on it? With the proceeds we can pay for our dinners—and we'll avoid the police court in the morning."

"But—but——" I was astounded at this remarkable request. "But why don't you do it yourself?"

"I have explained," he answered, "that my eyes are of no use. I could not read the ticket without pain, and I might easily be taken in by a conscienceless 'uncle.'"

"But——"

The more I considered the proposition the stranger it appeared. There was surely something queer in the thing.

"And you would risk this in the hands of a stranger who stands a self-confessed thief——"

"That is why, sir, I know men a bit. I know you a bit already. And I trust you, sir. You won't take advantage of me. Come—what do you say?"

"What can I say?" I acquiesced, evasively. "But how are we to get out of this?"

"We can't," he said, coolly. "You go, and I'll wait for you."

"And the name I'm to give?" I inquired, falling in with the mad humor of the adventure, for such I scented it at once.

"Faraday, sir—Thomas Faraday. It is my own."

"Address?"

"What you will—to be exact, Culpepper, Mississippi."

"Very well, sir. I'll be back in three shakes."

With this I rose, half-hesitant, half expecting him to repent of his trust. Which, he noticing——

"I'm sure of that," he said carelessly, turning his attention to his cigar.

But still I vacillated by his side. I had opened the envelope and allowed the watch it contained to slide into my palm.

It was a dainty jewel of fine gold, exquisitely engraved and studded with several stones of no common value.

Toying with it in my indecision, I pressed the spring and the lid flew open, disclosing the face. On the reverse of the lid a few words were engraved, which I read:

TO
AMELIA PEACE
ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY,
DECEMBER 4TH, 1876,
FROM
HER MOTHER AND FATHER.

"Peace"—"Faraday!"

The suspicion that there was fishy smell to the business became stronger. Was I being used for a catspaw? Was there in this danger of more than a few days' imprisonment on the island?

"But you said your name was——?" I began.

"Thunderation!" He scowled angrily. "Do you take me for a thief? The watch was my mother's, sir! If you—Give it me!"

I handed it back without much reluctance. He held it for a minute, then, his wrath subsiding, he turned to me again.

"Come," he said pleasantly enough, "I beg your pardon! I cannot blame you much, but"—the eyes that looked straight into mine no longer smiled—"you must remember, 'Honor among thieves!'"

Being no more than properly rebuked, I swallowed my resentment, bowed, and quitted the restaurant, leaving this Mr. Faraday to make what explanation he could to the waiter.

Whatever the consequences, I was determined to see the affair through. Besides, I argued selfishly, what did it matter how it turned out? I was an underdog, and my sympathies wholly with myself.

It is astonishing, when you come to consider it, into what a fathomless abyss of self-pity a chap will throw himself under stress of adverse circumstances. When I look back toward those dark days of my life and recall the pitiful plea which I entered for myself before the Court of Humanity, I am completely disgusted.

I called Lucas Hammond thief, boldly before men—and thought myself a fine fellow for the candor—no thief at all, but a rare good man hounded by adversity. It was sickening, no less.

In such a self-glorified agony of self-abasement, I willingly lent myself, deeming that I was justified, to the services of a stranger of engaging manners, of persuasive tongue, seeing myself his tool—the poor accomplice, it might be, of a greater criminal than I ever could dare to be.

Judge, then, to what depths had I fallen—I, who was used to think myself a gentleman! Judge, too, from what mire I was rescued by my association with Tom Faraday.

I attended to my errand without loss of time, and returned to find him seated calmly where I had left him.

If he felt any anxiety, any misgivings, he showed no evidence of them. He looked up as I slid into my seat like a guilty person, and grinned comprehension.

"How much?"

"Forty dollars."

"Good—let's pay and get out. Or—no, we'll stay a while, if you don't mind. As well this place as another—it seems deserted enough."

"The business of the day begins with twilight," I told him.

He was at his breast pocket again. I watched him with interest, wondering what fresh surprise he might be intending to spring.

It proved to be a couple of letters, which, however, he did not at once hand to me, but sat weighing reflectively while he made a little explanation.

"I've been at sea in my sloop for some time," he said slowly, "cut off from the world, you know. I cruise around in a desultory fashion when I've no better thing to do.

"Nothing better to do." He repeated the phrase sadly, as if he thought it needed amending; then suddenly let it go as it was and continued:

"I hail from the Mississippi coast, for want of a worse place—from Culpepper, a little town on the sound, where those letters come from, if I'm not mistaken. There's an old gentleman down there named Spotswood—Dr. Spotswood—who's my guardian—Heaven knows by what authority!—and I reckon the big envelope's from him. The other must be from his daughter, Esther."

He stopped and chewed bitterly at his cigar butt.

"Spottswood and I got along famously well," he resumed, after a pause, "until Esther and I took it into our heads to get married, and were fools enough to tell him we wanted to. He put his foot down hard. Guess he thought I wasn't good enough for her—and that's true, all right.

"Well, there was a flare-up, and I lit out about two months ago. Esther promised to write me at the New York postoffice, and that's why I'm here. But what old Spotswood has to say, I'm rather curious about.

"You see, he never would let me know anything about my folks, beyond the fact that they had died while I was a child. I don't know why he was so close-mouthed, nor do I suspect anything. And, inasmuch as I've come of age since leaving home, I rather fancy that this envelope, which is somewhat bulky for an ordinary letter, may have some bearing on the—the mystery of me. That's why I'm getting you to read the letters, if you will. My eyes are too bad to stand the strain, I fear.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I dare say it's uninteresting enough to you, but I reckoned a little explanation might lighten the tedium of your task.

"You can go ahead when you're ready, sir."

He tipped back his chair, drumming on the table nervously with his fingers.

"And if there's anything personal, extremely you know, I hope you'll consider it confidential," he added.

"Of course," I answered, taking up the letters.

CHAPTER III.

Documents in the Case.

"POSTMARKED Culpepper, Mississippi, August 8," I said, examining the two envelopes.

"Bears out my theory," returned Mr. Faraday. "August the eighth was my birthday."

I opened the smaller one first, by Faraday's direction. It was a dainty little affair, blue tinted and elusively scented—no tangible perfume, you understand, but possessing that soft, delicate fragrance which reminds one of good women.

"'Sweetheart,' I read. Then I put it down. Look here, Mr. Faraday, don't you think you'd better read this one yourself?"

"I'd like to, upon my word. But I couldn't to save my life."

"Very well, then, if you insist:

"'Sweetheart:

"I send you under a separate cover some papers which papa is very anxious for you to have. There is a brief note from him inclosed—a very brief note, for he was taken ill while writing and could not finish, much to his disappointment.

"Cannot you do as he asks and come back home at once, dear heart? Papa talks of you continually, in a strange way—of the fortune that should be yours and—and other things that the papers will explain, no doubt.

"I cannot quite make out what it is all about. But come to me, dearest, come to me! The days are very long without you——"

The remainder of that note belongs to Tom Faraday. It was signed "Esther." And I unaffectedly envied him, when I had finished reading, for the love of a woman so true and sweet.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

NOTHING LEFT OUT.

From an advertisement of a house to let furnished in a Scotch newspaper:

"View from the windows as far as the eye can reach."—Manchester Guardian.